THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL.

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Poetical.

Passed Away.

BY B. M. A.

Who hath not heard it in the Autumn's voice,
Whose tongue speaks mutely in the changing trees?
Who hath not felt it in the dying eve,
And heard it echoed in the passing breeze?
Who hath not seen it in the fading flower,
Who hath not read it in the leaf's decay,
That thus the things of earth are doomed to perish—
Thus the loved of earth must pass away?

Who hath not watched some starlike hope grow dim,
And sink, at last, behind departed years?
Who hath not cherished fondly some great joy,
To see it slowly melt away in tears?
Who hath not felt it, when he gazed upon
The fleeting splendors of the fading day?
That thus it is with all the things of earth—
The bright and beautiful soon pass away.

The pleasure which went laughing with us once,
And watched to chase away the rising tear;
The smiles that cast their light along the way,
No longer, now, to cheer us on, appear,
But sorrows interlace across the path,
And shadows fall where sunbeams erst did play—
'Tis thus with everything that is of earth,
And that we love is first to pass away.

Where now are all these pleasures, hopes and joys?
Look down the vista of departed days,
And rising from the dark tomb of the Past,
They ghostlike come to meet thy tearful gaze.
But weep not, for in yonder falling leaf
There is a speaking symbol which doth say:
"Soon Memory, no more shall wake the Past,
And thou too, shalt forever pass away."

Miscellaneous.

Changes in the Meaning of Words.

The following quotations are taken from a recent work, entitled "*A Select Glossary of English Words used formerly in senses different from their present*," in which are traced the changes of a meaning which many current words have undergone:

Climate.—At present the temperature of a region, but once the region itself.

Corpse.—Now only used for the body abandoned by the spirit of life, but once for the body of the living man equally as of the dead.

Desire.—"To desire," is only to look *forward* with longing now: the word has lost the sense of regret or looking *back* upon the lost but still loved.

Hag.—One of the many words which, formerly, applied to both sexes, but now restrained only to one.

Mountebank.—Now, any antic fool; but once confined to the quack doctors, who, at fairs and such places of resort, having *mounted* on a *bank* or bench, from thence proclaimed the virtue of their drugs.

Ostler.—Not formerly, as now the servant of the inn, having the care of the horses, but the inn keeper or host, "hostler," himself.

Shrew.—There are now no "shrews" save female ones; but the word, like many others now restrained to one sex, was formerly applied to both.

Sonnet.—A "sonnet" now must consist of exactly fourteen lines, neither more nor less; and those with a fixed arrangement, though admitting a certain relaxation, of the rhymes; but "sonnet" used often to be applied to any short poem, especially of amatory kind.

Stove.—This word has much narrowed its meaning. Bath, hot-house, any room where air or water were artificially heated, was a "stove" once.

Tobacconist.—Now the seller, once the smoker of tobacco.

Uncouth.—Now the unformed in manner, ungraceful in behaviour; but once simply unknown.

Wince.—Now to shrink or start away, as in pain from a stroke or touch; but used always by our earlier authors in the sense of to kick.

The Power of Books.

Ben. Franklin tells us, in one of his letters, that, when he was a boy, a little book fell into his hands, entitled "Essays to do Good," by Cotton Mather. It was tattered and torn, and several leaves were missing. "But the remainder," he says, "gave me such a turn of thinking, as to have an influence upon my conduct through life; for I have set a greater value on the character of a doer of good than any other kind of reputation; and if I have been a useful citizen the public owes all the advantages to that book." Jeremy Bentham mentions that the current of his thoughts and studies was directed for life by a single phrase that caught his eye at the end of a pamphlet: "The greatest good of the greatest number."—There, are single sentences in the New Testament that have awakened to spiritual life hundreds of millions of dormant souls.—In things of less moment, reading has wondrous power. George Law, a boy on his father's farm, met with an old unknown book, which told the story of a former's son, who went away to seek his fortune, and come home after many years, absence, a rich man, and gave great sums to all his relations. From that moment George was uneasy, till he set out on his travels to imitate the adventurer. He lived over again the life he had read of, and actually did return a millionaire, and paid all his father's debts. Robinson Crusoe has sent to sea more sailors than the press-gang. The story of little George Washington telling the truth about the hatchet and the plum-tree has made many a truth teller. We owe all the Waverly novels to Scott's early reading of the old traditions and legends.

☞ When is a lady's neck not a neck? When it is a *little bear*.

Thrilling Cave Adventure.

I was born and brought up in the neighborhood of the salt works of M——. My father was second engineer, and I filled the situation of assistant. The scene of our mining operations, at the time of the event which I am now going to narrate, was in a narrow valley, lying close to the foot of a perpendicular cliff of rock about one hundred feet high. On its bare sides neither grass nor shrub was to be seen, and scarce any equality was visible, whereon the foot of the climber might find a resting place. In fact, it was considered unscalable for a distance of two miles, when it sunk down gradually at either end of the level of the plane. Ascending the cliff, one beheld on the summit a wide plain, stretching off in the distance from the sharp edge of the precipice, and from that dizzy point could look down upon the works of the miners below, close under its sides.

Upon the top of the cliff which I have been describing, I was strolling listlessly, late one Sunday afternoon, thinking of a strange and sad circumstance which had happened about a year ago in our family.—My only brother, a lad of fifteen, had gone out early one summer morning to shoot plover on the heights, and from that hour had never been heard of. When last seen, he was mounting the cliff from the eastern side and though (when alarmed at his long delay) we made immediate search and inquiry, we never gained further information. To speak of our family distress and my own heart grieving for my well-beloved young brother, is not now my purpose; but it was the only object of my thought on that quiet summer evening, when all the noise from the works hushed, and the stillness seemed tenfold by contrast.

I approached very near the edge of the cliff. I was now at the steepest part, and looking down its smooth sides, I thought how terrible the fall would be; but my brother could not have fallen down. In that case his mangled body, at least, would have been found.

I was recalled to myself by a strange sinking of my feet. My first confused idea was that the soil was giving away from the edge of the cliff, upon whose verge I stood, and that I was about to be precipitated to the bottom. I became dizzy with horror, for I felt at once that I could not recover myself, so sudden was the caving in of the earth beneath me. I made one stumble forward, in a wild struggle to save myself, felt a ringing and crushing in my ears, and then I lost all further sensation.

It must have been many hours before I was sufficiently conscious to know that I still existed. Sick and bruised, I was long unable to raise myself from the prostrate position in which I become aware at last, that I was lying. It was quite dark, and every portion of earth or stone that I touched was wet, and a smell of damp salt pervaded the close atmosphere. I thought I had fallen into an exhausted salt mine, but soon remembered that I had been standing on the edge of the cliff. It was an impossibility. Then came the idea that I must have fallen to the bottom and loose stones and earth had fallen over me. That, too, I soon found equally unlikely and after groping about some time on my hands and knees, (every moment one of intense agony) I became sure that my prison was a cave of some extent. Too weak to move further, I lay down and endeavored to think of my position. It seemed a hopeless one. I was certainly in one of those caves formed in the salt rocks, and sometimes found by miners, running far below the earth's surface. I had no idea how far I had fallen; it might be a few feet; it might be many hundred. As yet I could find no trace of the passage through which I had dropped, but I remembered that I had case of matches in my pocket, and it was not long before I succeeded in dragging them out, though it was excruciating pain to my bruised limbs to move them.

Having no paper, I determined to be very careful of the matches, and to improve the short moment of light, during which one would last, I rubbed it very carefully against the sole of my boot, then holder, then furiously—but it would not ignite. Then I tried another with no better success. They were too damp—everything was damp; the matches were useless. With a faint hope of drying them in time, I put the box into my breast, and buttoned my vest over it.—What with my failure in procuring a light, and the pain of my bruises, added to my terror and bewilderment of mind, I suffered intensely. Through all it become clear to me that instead of falling *over*, I had fallen *through* the cliff—strange as it was that hollow ground should occur so near the edge, without the external wall of the cliff caving in toward it. The space through which I had fallen must have been narrow, for my body was bruised and the skin torn from my sides, with strips of my clothing; that I could feel. Oh! for a light to examine better into my miserable position; but, after all, I did not feel without hope. I could not lose the idea that I was to hit upon some means or way of escape, if I only could get the matches to ignite and show me the size and form of the cave.

Worn out with pain and thought I must have slept. I awoke with a raging thirst and almost at the same time, I became sure that I heard the dropping of water. I dragged myself toward the sound, stretched out my hand, and drops from above dropped on it; eagerly I swallowed a few which burned my throat; they were distilled brine—salt as any impregnation of water could possibly be!

This disappointment crushed me terribly. I should die of thirst ere I have found a mode of exit. I thought of the matches, and tried them again; this time, however, they gave forth a little smoke. In time the heat of my breast would dry them—that was a hope. I had no idea of time, save that my watch had run down while I slept. I wound it up again, knowing that when it again stopped eight and twenty hours would have gone by.

Again on my hands and knees, I crept around, feeling by the damp walls, and as I continually approached and receded from the spot where the salt water dropped from a projecting rock, I discovered that the cave must be nearly round, and not many yards square. Having discovered this, I became more collected and resolute, and forced myself to a calm review of my position. I had to acknowledge to myself, that my only chance of escape seemed the hole or crack through which I had fallen in and choked it up. Parching with thirst, and faint from bodily injuries, I was almost at the point of despair, when a distant sound fell upon my ear. I listened with intense attention.—Soon, more and more distinctly, I recognized the noise of machinery, the rumbling of carts, and then the voices of men; then the bell rung, and, with a throb of joy, I recognized it as the morning summons to the laborers in the works. A night only could have passed since my leaving the outer world. Had they missed me? Alas! there was nothing to lead them to suspect the spot of my captivity. I thought of the strange disappearance of my young brother—the double bereavement would kill my poor mother, but still I was comforted by the knowledge that only a partition of rock separated me from my fellow-men. Now I could almost distinguish their voices. I felt that it was vain to hope that my calls and shouts could be heard by them, yet I could not forbear shouting till I was quite exhausted.

Then I reflected on the means I could find of digging away the barrier of rock.—It could not be thick—I knew that by my facility in hearing sound, and concluded that, as I had fallen close to the edge of the cliff, I had sunk straight down to the level of the valley at its foot, and possibly the wall of my prison was not more than two or three feet in thickness. But I had no implement, save my knife and that was a slender one, quite inadequate to cutting a passage through even the soft and damp salt-rock which formed the partition. Suddenly I remembered having picked up a heavy iron ox shoe, on the wagon road, during my Sunday walk It was still in my pocket. With what joy I pulled it out, and commenced eagerly my work.

I will not detail the agonies of those days and nights, when I worked on it in the darkness, sometimes encouraged, sometimes nearly hopeless. I could not find that I had made any visible progress; the sounds were nearer than at first, and I was hourly more exhausted with fatigue and burning thirst.—The salt air of the cave inflamed my eyes, parched my skin, and excoriated my throat, and often I had a horrible idea that I should go mad, but I worked on. I had wound up my watch five times, therefore it must have been the sixth day—deliverance as far off as ever. I had been trying to loosen a fragment of rock which seemed somewhat detached from the strata, (this I could only judge from feeling.) If I succeeded, I should much reduce the thickness of the barrier there, but I had to stop and rest before trial. I again tried my matches. I had constantly done this but without success, and few remained; but now the third one that I tried gave forth a light smoke, then a blue flame, and finally a clear red light. I held it carefully, and beheld the cavern in which I was immured. It was a small one, and sparkling from the saline crystals, as if studded with gems. Opposite to me was a dark object on a projection of the shelving rocks, and bearing a similarity to the outline of a human figure. I lifted high the expiring match, and, by its last ray, I saw a human face.

In a frenzy of impatience I tried the few remaining matches, in vain; the last one was in my hand, more carefully I drew it over the sand paper; it burned only for an instant; but in that instant, holding it directly even with the body, I recognized the dead, pale, but unchanged face of my poor, lost brother Henry.

I was again in the darkness, with the dead body and my frenzied thoughts. After a time I resumed fiercely my labor at the rock. A few blows loosened it; a few more and the large mass rolled inwards, and from a fisure in the rock which lay behind it, came in a narrow streak of daylight. I was all but mad, or I would not have had sufficient strength to effect my purpose.

By the aid of ox-shoe, I soon increased the hole, till it was large enough to admit my head. My shouts soon brought assistance from the works, to which, as I had supposed, I was very near, and soon from that fearful tomb were drawn the living and the dead bodies.

No one knew me till I spoke. The body of poor Henry had been preserved by the salt, and was also partly petrified. That he had been killed by the fall was evident, and had never moved from the ridge on which he fell. I never entirely recovered from the effect of the salt, which left my eyes and nose constantly red, and rendered by flesh ever after similar to corned pork.

☞ Dr. South says: "The tale-bearer and the hearer should be hanged up together—the former by the tongue, and the latter by the ear.

The White Patient.

There is a curious story on record of some mysterious transactions reported to have taken place in Paris in by-gone times. If the reader's credulity should be staggered, and he be disposed to condemn the tale as a falsehood, let him in justice to its author, recollect that in its worst construction, it can only be denominated a "*white lie*," and must be proportionally venial.

In the reign of Louis XV, M. de Isisse was the fashionable surgeon of Paris. One morning he received a note inviting him to attend in the *Rue Poi de Fer*, near the Luxembourg, at six o'clock in the evening.—This professional rendezvous he of course failed not to keep, when he was encountered by a man who brought him to the door of a house, at which the guide knocked. The door, as is usual in Paris, opened by a spring, communicating with the porter's lodge, and Isisse, when it again closed upon him, was surprised to find himself alone, and his conductor gone. After a short interval, however, the porter appeared, and desired him to mount "*au premier*." Obeying this order, he opened the door of an ante-chamber, which he found completely lined with white A very handsomely dressed and well-appointed *lacquais*, white from head to foot, well powdered and frizzed, with a white bag to his hair, held two napkins, with which he insisted on wiping Isisse's shoes. The surgeon in vain observed that having just left his carriage his shoes were not soiled. The *lacquais* persisted, remarking that the house was too clean to allow of this operation being omitted. From the ante chamber Isisse was shown into a saloon hung like the ante-chamber with white, when a second *lacquais* repeated the ceremony of wiping the shoes, and passed him into a third apartment, in which the walls, floor, bed, tables, chairs, and every article of furniture were white—A tall figure in a white night cap and white *robe-de-chambre*, and covered with a white mask, was seated near the fire. As soon as this phantom perceived the surgeon, he cried in a hollow voice: "I have the devil in my body"—and relapsed immediately into a profound silence, which he continued to observe during more than half an hour, in which he amused himself by drawing on and off six pairs of white gloves which lay on a table beside him. Isisse was greatly alarmed at this extraordinary spectacle, and at his own reception; and his apprehensions were not diminished on perceiving that fire-arms were placed within the reach of the white sceptre. His fears became at length so excessive that he was obliged to sit down. By degrees, however, he gained sufficient courage to ask, though in a trembling voice, "what were Monsieur's commands?" remarking that his time was not his own but the public's, and that he had many appointments to keep To this the phantom replied, in a dry, cold tone, "As long as you are well paid, what does that signify to you?" Another quarter of an hour's silence then ensued, when at last the sceptre pulled a white bell-rope, and two servants equipped in white entered the room. He then called for bandages, and desired Isisse to take from him five pounds of blood! The surgeon, frightened still more by the enormous blood-letting thus enjoined on him, asked, in an anxious tone, who had ordered the remedy? "Myself," was the short answer. In too great a trepidation to venture on the veins of the arm, Isisse begged to bleed from the foot, and warm water was ordered for the operation. Meantime the phantom took off a pair of the finest white silk stockings, and then another pair, which was followed by others, until the removal of the sixth pair discovered the most beautiful foot and ankle imaginable, and almost convinced Isisse that his patient was a woman. The vein was opened; and at the second cup the phantom fainted. Isisse therefore was proceeding to take off the mask, but he was eagerly prevented by the attendants.—The foot was bound up, and the white figure having recovered his senses was put to bed; after which the servants again left the room. Isisse slowly advanced towards the fire, while he wiped his lancets; making many reflections within himself upon this strange adventure. All of a sudden, on raising his eyes, he perceived in the mirror over the chimney piece, that the white figure was advancing towards him on tip toe. His alarm became still more violent when, with a single spring, the terrific spectre darted close to his side Instead, however, of offering violence, as his movements seemed to indicate, he merely took from the chimney piece five crowns, and gave them to the surgeon, demanding at the same time if he was satisfied? Isisse, who would have made the same answer had he received but five *sous*, replied that he was. "Well then," said the spectre, "begone about your business." Isisse as may be imagined, did not wait for a second order, but retreated, or rather flew, as fast as his legs could carry him from the room. The two servants who attended to light him out could not conceal their smiles; and Isisse, unable longer to endure his situation, inquired what was the meaning of this pleasantry? But their only reply was:—"Are you not well paid? Have you suffered any injury?" And so saying, they bowed him to his carriage. Isisse was determined at first to conceal this adventure; but he found, on the ensuing morning, that it was already the amusement of the court and city, and he no longer made any mystery of the affair. The "*mot d'enigma*," however, was never discovered, nor could any motive be imagined for the mystification, beyond the caprice and idleness of its unknown perpetrator.

A man of rank—one who sells poor butter.

Pearls to be Treasured

From a string of gems that enriched one of the most admirable Thanksgiving sermons we ever read—and which was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Adams, of Madison Square Church, N. Y.—we gather the following:

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Many are the scenes of domestic festivity in our land to day, but he who has a feast only on the last Thursday in November has a sad life There is a daily festivity, which depends not on the quality of the fare with which the table is spread, whether it be a dinner of herbs or stalled ox, but always on those genial qualities of the heart, which incline us as we say, to look on the bright side, and to make the best of everything.—Strange that this disposition is not universal. But we come in contact with a most singular fact, which at first is not so easy of analysis, that people are intent on playing the miserable, as if there were a virtue in it. The real solution is that it is an exhibition of selfishness; for no one is habitually cheerful who does not think more of others than of himself. Multitudes appear to be studious of something which makes them unhappy; for unhappiness excites attention, and attention is supposed to inspire interest, and interest, comparison. You have seen a person of very robust and corpulent habit, so robust as ought to excite perpetual gratitude for joyous health, sometimes puting on the airs of an invalid, for no reason in the world but to draw out towards him some expression of affectionate concern, and so gratify his self conceit.—That very mood which in children is called being "naughty," for which they are whipt and sent to bed, in young people is dignified with the name of "low spirits," for which they are to be petted and pitied; whilst in elderly people it is known as "nervousness," for which it is expected they should be humored to the full tension of mortal patience.

CHEERFULNESS AT HOME.

The parent who does not practice it loosens the strongest bond which draws children to virtue. Once make the impression that goodness is austere, and it has lost its charms for those who reach conclusions, not through reasoning but the feelings. Perhaps you can recall persons with whom you have been thrown into contact when you were young, who, in your present judgment, were good, but every way repulsive. You never associated them with sunshine. You felt that godness had a strange tendency to make one unhappy. Some of the best men the world has seen have lived to regret just this thing—the want of habitual cheerfulness in the presence of their children.—It may be taken as a postulate of the social system that home should always be the most cheerful and attractive place on earth; and whatever is expended to make it such, is expended wisely and economically. No man is qualified for the first offices of an educator at home or elsewhere, who is not habitually cheerful. Reverence is an essential quality of character, but it is a mistake to exact it by gruff austerety, Nothing can be more grotesque, for example, than the enactments for respect which prevailed at Yale College during the last century, when the wearing of a hat by a Freshman was interdicted by statute; and the exact measure in rods was specified at which obeisance was to be made to that specimen of the *multum in parvo*—a college officer. Respect, reverence, are not to be compelled by big wigs and elongated faces and assumed dignities; they must be given to cheerful worth, as flowers open themselves to the sun. If it were proper, we could describe some of the grave mistakes which were made in his home by that great metaphysician—of whom any family or any country might be proud—Jonathan Edwards. His biographer informs us that his children were not expected to keep their seats in his presence; that he ate from a silver bowl as one set apart for special reverence, and that his features seldom relaxed from the one expression of grave austerity. If that great and good man had been more cheerful at heart, some disastrous results probably never would have occurred.

GOD BLESS THAT BRIGHT SUNNY FACE.

If we speak of the mistakes of good and pious men, what shall I say by way of commending that sweet cheerfulness by which a good and sensible woman diffuses the oil of gladness in the proper sphere of home. The best specimens of heroism in the world were never gazetted. They play the *role* in common life, and their reward is not in the admiration of spectators, but in the deep joy of their own conscious thoughts. It is easy for a housewife to make arrangements for an occasional feast. But let me tell you what is greater and better. Amid the weariness and cares of life; the troubles real and imaginary, of a family; the thoughts and toils which are requisite to make the family the home of thrift, order and comfort; the varieties of temper and cross lines of taste and inclination which are to be found in a large household—to maintain a heart full of good nature, and a face always-bright with cheerfulness, that is a perpetual festivity.—I do not mean a mere superficial simper which has no more character in it than the flow of a brook, but that exhaustless patience and self-control and kindness, and tact, which springs from good sense and brave purposes. Neither is it the mere reflection of prosperity—for cheerfulness, then is no virtue. Its best exhibition is in the dark background of real adversity. Affairs assume a gloomy aspect, poverty is hovering about the door—sickness has already entered—days of hardship and nights of watching go slowly by, and now you see the triumphs of which I speak. When the strong man has bowed himself and his brow is knit and creased, you will see how the whole life or a household seems to hang on the frailer form, which, with solicitudes of her own, passing it may be under the "sacred primal sorrow of her sex," has an eye and an ear for every one but herself, suggestive of expedients, hopeful in extremities, helpful in kind words and affectionate smiles, morning, noon and night, the medicine, the light, the heart of a whole household. God bless that bright, sunny face, says many a hearer before me, as he recalls that one of mother, wife, sister, daughter, who has been to him all that my words have described.

FRET NOT THYSELF,

And then the fears, the jealousies of sectional interests, and the portentous dangers which cannot be concealed in connection with slavery. Magnify and multiply all these occasions for alarm, much as you will. What then? Shall we give up the ship?—What shall we do? Let everything go by the board, and sit down in blank despair?—Let us rather imitate that noble class of men who show the best qualities of our nature on the deck of the ship when the storm is at its worst, whose bravery when driven from one expedient to another, inspires the timid with hope. The idea of abandoning our Government as a failure, our Constitution as a rag of worthless paper, let it not be so much as mentioned, but let us rather cherish more of that cheerfulness of spirit which indicates faith as to the issue. Excitements do not imperil it, provided the temper be right. When the temperature of an individual or a community is raised, everything which belongs thereunto comes out with the greater force; and the peril is always and only from that which is evil. Let there be nothing but what is humane and kind and good in our nature, and danger is not to be apprehended, even if we be excited to a white heat. Reformers who have succeeded the best in Church and State were of a most hearty cheerfulness. In Luther it amounted very often to jollity. Old Samuel Adams, of Boston, was renowned as much for his sonorous singing of hymns as for his patriotism. Suppose that affairs should wax worse and worse, never will they be mended by impatience, irritability, and petulence.—"Fret not thyself," is an inspired counsel for troublous times. Have a good heart, and do the best you can. Trust in the Lord, and mischief will be averted. Reformations which cannot be accomplished by good temper will not be brought about by objurgations and wrath.

TAKE SHORT VIEWS.

The late Sidney Smith, himself a remarkable instance of the most buoyant cheerfulness, has shown an uncommon amount of sound English sense in this one direction to all who would attain an habitual contentment. "Take short views." His meaning would not be comprehended if we did not remember how many are prone to distress themselves by the of remote possibilities.—"Borrowing trouble" is the common expression which describes the habit. It is not the actual occurrence of to-day which grieves and afflicts; but it is the imagination of what is likely to occur in some contingency of the future. "Take short views," says our adviser. Look at what you have already—this present day, this present hour. What is this but a paraphrase of our Lord's own direction: "Take no thought of the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." Traveling on some of the railroads of the country—such, for example, as that which winds through the Alleghanies, or the Water-gap of the Delaware—looking far in advance it would seem that huge mountains were dropped directly upon your road, obstructing all progress and bringing you to a pause. But when you advance to the spot, you find that there is a way along which the road may wind, narrow and circuitous, perhaps, but smooth, and safe, and level as elsewhere, working itself free from all impediments, and emerging at length again into the open and extended plain country. Just so it is in the journey of life.—We anticipate formidable obstructions, and imagine that an end has come to all further advances, by the towering mountains which stretch away across the distant horizon. Shorter views would make us content with the road which is ready for this day's journey; and past experience should satisfy us that there are no hills so high, no valleys so precipitous, no passes so rugged but that a road runs through them all, when the time has actually arrived for the march. Every man gets through the world without coming to a halt.

☞ Until recently it has been supposed that the only use of dining forks was to convey articles of food from the plate to the mouth, but another use has been found for them. A young gentleman, after dining at one of the fashionable hotels the other day, deliberately inserted the prongs of the dinner fork into his tangled moustache, and in the most artistic manner proceeded to straighten out that hirsute appendage. If we ever entertained any doubts regarding the genius and progress of Young America, they are dispelled now.

☞ "When I have a cold in my head," said a gentleman in company, "I am remarkably dull and stupid." "You are to be pitied then, sir," replied another, "for I don't remember ever to have seen you without a cold in your head."

☞ An inebriate recently excused himself on the ground that it wasn't him, but his health that had been drunk.

Caught in his own Trap.

Once two ministers of the Gospel were conversing on extemporaneous preaching:

"Well," said the old divine, waxing warm, "you are ruining yourself by writing your sermons and reading them off. Your congregation cannot become interested in your preaching; and if you were called upon to preach unexpectedly, unless you could get hold of an old sermon you would be completely confused."

The young divine used all his eloquence, but in vain, to convince the old gentleman that the written sermons expressed his own thoughts and feelings, and, if called upon, he could preach extemporaneously.

"As we are of the same faith," said the young minister, "suppose you try next Sabbath morning. On ascending the pulpit you can hand me a text from any part of the Bible, and I will convince you that I can preach without having looked at the text before I stood up. Likewise, I must be allowed the same privilege with you, and see who will make the best of it."

The idea seemed to delight the old gentleman, and it was immediately agreed upon.

The following Sabbath on mounting the pulpit, the senior brother handed him a slip of paper, on which was written "And the ass opened his mouth and spake;" from which he preached a glorious sermon, chaining the attention of his hearers, and charming his old friend with eloquence.

In the afternoon, the young brother, who was sitting below the pulpit, handed his slip. After rising and opening the Bible, the old man looked sadly around—"Am I not thine ass?" Pausing a few minutes, he ran his fingers through his hair, straightened his collar, blew his nose like the last trumpet, and read aloud—"Am I not thine ass?"—Another pause in which a deadly silence reigned. After reading the third time—"Am I not thine ass?"—he looked over the pulpit at his friend, and in a doleful voice, said—"I think I am, brother."

Snivelization.

Whithersoever we go, we meet with the sniveller. He stops us at the corner of the street, to entrust us with his opinion. He fears that the morals and intelligence of the people are destroyed by the election of some rogue to office. He tells us just before church that the last sermon of some transcendental preacher has given the death blow to religion and that the waves of atheism and the clouds of pantheism are to deluge and darken all the land. In a time of general health, he speaks of the pestilence that is to be. The mail cannot be an hour too late, but he prattles of railroad accidents and steamboat disasters. He fears that his friend, who was married yesterday, will be a bankrupt in a year, and whimpers over the trials he will then endure. He is ridden with an eternal nightmare, and emits an eternal wail.—Recklessness is a bad quality, and so is blind and extravagant hope; but neither is so degraded as inglorious and inactive despair.—We object to the sniveller, because he presents the anomaly of a being who has the power of motion without possessing life.—His insipid languor is worse than timid strength. Better that a man should run than whine. The person who has no bounding and buoyant feelings in him, whose blood never tingles and fires at the contemplation of a noble aim, who has no aspiration and no great object in life, is only fit for the hospital or band box. Enterprise, confidence, a disposition to believe that all good has been done—these are the important elements in the character of every man who is of use to the world. We want no wailing and whimpering about the absence of happiness but a strong determination to abate misery.—*Whipple.*

The Shepherd and the Sheep

A distinguished railroad financier, banker and member of church, in getting up a bank in one of the western cities, invoked the aid of the bishop in making subscriptions to the capital stock, by taking the loan of his note for a few thousand dollars, telling him it was a mere matter of form—that he would not be obliged to pay it, &c. The Bishop complied, and not being a person that gave any great deal of attention to temporal affairs, and not overburthened with the 'ready,' his note having passed to the hand of a brother banker of the financier, was, as a matter of course, protested for nonpayment when it became due. Our financial friend who had kept a watch on the note, now goes quietly, and with much apparent secrecy to a brother member of the church, and, with benevolence beaming on his countenance, informs him that the Bishop's note is lying at the bank under protest. 'This is too bad,' said he, 'but nothing must be said about it; we must take up the note, and I will head the subscription with fifty dollars.' The requisite amount was soon raised, and the Bishop's note paid. The financier made his bank stock clear at a cost of fifty dollars only, and at once took a position in the opinion of his fellow members as a pillar of the church.

☞ We cut the following advertisement from a paper published in the far West:—"To rent, a house in Melville Avenue, located immediately alongside of a fine plum garden, from which an abundant supply may be stolen during the season. Rent low, and the greater part taken in plums."

☞ An Irish lover has remarked that it is a great pleasure to be alone, especially when your "swatehart is wid ye."